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"God grants liberty only to those who love it, and are ready to guard and defend it."—Daniel Webster

Nevada City Nugget

COVERS RICHEST GOLD AREA IN CALIFORNIA

This paper gives your complete coverage of all local happenings. If you want to read about your friends, your neighbors, read The Nugget.

Vol. 18, No. 41. The County Seat Paper NEVADA CITY, CALIFORNIA The Gold Center MONDAY, MAY 22, 1944

Thinking Out Loud

By H. M. L.

"Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I come not to send peace, but a sword." Matthews 10:30.

Of course Jehovah's Witnesses interpret this simple declaration of Jesus Christ to suit themselves. They do not feel that it commands them to fight for Christian principles. They, and this is the common complaint against them, prefer others shall do the fighting for equality, fraternity, liberty and justice, which are fundamentals of Christian living and government, as the Founder gave them to us.

The Witnesses are quite willing to undergo humiliations that no other Christian sect would sanction. They prefer to let their sons be convicted of draft evasion and to serve time in Leavenworth, rather than join with millions of other Christian youth in fighting for the very things Christ left to us as a legacy. The Mennonites and the Quakers, who also believe in turning the other cheek, are at least, willing to help in time of war, in providing food, caring for the wounded, and, if none of these appeal, going to the work camps which our government provides for religious young men, who do not believe their religion or their government is worth fighting for.

In Nevada County at least six young male Witnesses have been sent to the pentitentiary at Leavenworth, not only for draft evasion but for refusal to report for work camps. These work camps are really doing the country a worthwhile service. In the Tahoe and El Dorado Forests are camps in which young men, religiously averse to combat duty, are doing a service in fire prevention, in lumbering and road building which has an immediate value in war time, and a permanent value for peace time.

Of course, the Witnesses, when they read the above text from Matthews, do not believe Christ meant exactly that. They know so little of the history of Christianity. They do not know, that Christians since the time of Christ have been fighters, warriors, combattants in every great cause.

The Crusaders were Christians who set out to conquer Islam by force of arms. Cromwell was a Christian leader who gathered to his following the militant Christians of England to overcame the tyrany of the throne and its satellites. The Civil War in this country was fought to free human souls from unChristian slavery. "Onward Christian Soldiers" is not only the most militant but the most inspiring and characteristic hymn of Christian faith in all the world.

What the Jehovah's Witnesses seek is a cheap martyrdom. And that is what we should scrupulously deny them. As one business man told one of their leaders: "Under our Constitution you have the right to be yellow. I believe we should protect you in that right."

It will hardly do for Jehovah's Witnesses to plead that some of the mothers of that sect have sons in the armed forces. The fact is, of course, the sons are not Witnesses. If the whole story were told it would undoubtedly be revealed that Jehovah's Witnesses young men as a group are mostly in Federal prisons. Relatives who are in the armed services cannot absolve the Witnesses for their refusal to fight for the Christian principles which they profess. They prefer to see their sons thrown into the vile association of the nation's criminals, than to fight like men for the Christian principles which they profess, and which the Nazarene, in the text above, virtually enjoined them to defend.

These Jehovah's Witnesses are a fanatic backwater in the Christian stream. Our Constitution protects them in their right to refuse to fight, and to accept the sacrifices of millions of patriotic and Christian young men, who fight for them and their right to be "yellow."

Our part is not to exaggerate their importance. Our Constitution protects the pinks, the reds and the yellows. It must, because, once that protection is lifted, mob violence could find any of us "off color," and no one could be safe from the tyranny and outrages of despotism.

HALF BILLION IN STATE'S FUND FOR INSURANCE

SACRAMENTO, May 22 — California's unemployment insurance funds stood at $501,301.13 as of May 1, according to a report made today by the California Employment Stabilization Commission.

During April, the department paid $1,001,047 in unemployment insurance to 14,569 persons, which was 29 per cent less than in the previous month, but 19 per cent higher than for the same month of 1943.

For the first four months of 1944 a total of $3,852,761 was paid in unemployment insurance benefits, approximately the same figure as for the first four months of 1943.

During April of this year, 15,101 initial claims for unemployment insurance were filed with the department an increase of two percent ovr March, but seven per cent under April of 1943.

FORMER NEVADA CITY RESIDENT SUCCUMBS

Funeral services will be held in the chapel of Holmes Funeral Home tomorrow afternoon for the late Mrs. Adelaide Denny who passed away in Oakland Friday evening. Interment will be in Pine Grove Cemetery. She was a native of this city aged 77 years.

Mrs. Denny was the daughter of an early day blacksmith, E. Hothersell. She met and married Charles Denny in Nevada City and her children were born here. Her latter years had been spent in Berkeley and Oakland with her children. Surviving her are two sons Louis and Lester Denny both of Oakland, three daughters, Mrs. Helen Trosper and Mrs. Bessie Kinley of Oakland. Mrs. Emma Hunter of San Francisco, and eight grand children. Two of the grandsons are serving in the armed forces.

INSURANCE FRAUDS EASILY DISCOVERED

SACRAMENTO, May 22.—Indicative of the determination to wipe out fraudulent practices in the field of unemployment insurance, the department of employment today received a report from its Huntington Park office that a claimant who had obtained $240 insurance while woking received a$450 fine, or 155 days in jail when brought before City Judge Charles Hedgcok in that city.

Facts in the case were developed in department headquarters in Sacramento through an internal audit, which is going on constantly.

The claimant, Faustino P. Flores, of Huntington Park, claimed insurance and later fraud was discovered.

Unable to locate the claimant, the department requested a complaint for Flores arrest, and his whereabouts were ascertained through a further check of department records, which revealed he was working for a steel company in Huntington Park. His arrest and conviction followed.

Through its internal audit, the department furnishes information to city and county authorities for prosecutions where faud is apparent.

WAR BONDS AID FARM DEBT RETIREMENT

By RALPH H. TAYLOR

The U. S. Treasury Department in its drive to stimulate the buying of war bonds by farmers, has delved into what farmers are doing with their money—now that agricultural earnings are above normal—and has reached the conclusion that too great a share of the cash surplus is on deposit in rural banks, where it constitutes a potential inflationary menace.

Quite naturally and logically, the treasury department urges the purchase of more war bonds to dissipate this danger—advice which is certainly sound, both from the standpoint of the country's welfare, and from the standpoint of the individual farmer, who needs to put something away for the inevitable rainy day.

It is this writer's opinion, however, after checking the facts developed by the treasury department, that farmers should also be putting more of their extra cash into the retirement of their debts, so that they will be better conditioned to weather the economic storms which are certain to come during the after the war period.

This suggestion should not be construed as running contrary to that of treasury department; actually, it goes hand in hand with that department's recommendation. If the farmer, instead of paying another thousand dollars on the mortgage, wants to invest that thousand in war bonds—ear marking those bonds, in his own mind, to be used when the war is over toward retiring his debt—he is aiding both his country and his family.

Actually, however, many farmers—if the treasury department's figures are correct, as we assume they are—could increase both their bond purchases, and their payments on their debts, and still have more left for running expenses than they have had for many years. And recognizing that the present "boom conditions" can't possibly last, when the war ends, that would certainly be a provident policy.

Gross farm income in the United States from sales of crops and livestock in 1943 is estimated at $19,138,000,000 — or 23 per cent more than in 1942, and 2.3 times as great as in 1940. (These are treasury department estimates). To the cash farm income from marketing can be added an estimated cash item of $600,000,000 which farmers received in the form of government payments in 1943 making a total cash farm income of $19,738,000,000. Incidentally, farmers are unwilling recipients of government subsidies at a time such as this, and are doing their utmost to see that they are abolished.

Cash farm expenses for 1943 were estimated to be $9,700,000,000 and cash expenditures for family living and personal expenses at $8,700,000,000—leaving a balance of $1,338,000,000. Add to this, says the treasury department, $3,500,000,000 in cash received by farmers from non farm sources and there remains $4,838,000,000 in the hands of farmers as cash available from 1943 for savings and payment of income taxes.

Now let's look at what farmers are paying to reduce their indebtedness.

The Bureau of Agricultural Economics estimates that in 1942 farmers paid between $750,000,000 and $800,000,000 in the principal amount of farm mortgage indebtedness. An $800,000,000 payment represents only 5.2 per cent of the 1942 cash farm income from crops, livestock and livestock products.

In 1943, according to the Bureau of Agricutural Economics, farmers paid about 10 per cent more money on mortgage debt than in 1942. A liberal estimate would place the '43 debt payment at $900,000,000, or only 4.7 per cent of the 1943 estimated cash income from crops, livestock and livestock products.

The fact that farmers can do still better is amply demonstrated by the analysis from the treasury department.

Farm income available for savings and income taxes, computed after deducting all cash expenditures for farm operation, family living and personal items, was $4,200,000,000 in 1942—and is estimated at $4,800,000,000 for 1943. It is evident, therefore, if the treasury department figures are correct, that farmers have not yet approached a level of mortgage debt payments which would jeopardize their war bond buying ability.

This is the time for farmers to puit it away—in war bonds and in debt retirement payments. There may not be another such time in our lifetime. Don't fritter it away. Put it away. It's the only sensible policy.

BOY SCOUTS IN CAMPOREE ON LAKE OLYMPIA

Boy Scouts throughout the Tahoe Area, Saturday afternoon gathered at Olympia Park, midway between Grass Valley and Nevada City. The occasion was the annual camporee in which troops from Nevada and Placer Counties pit their skill against each other.

Approximately 175 khaki clad youngsters took part in this year's event. The boys were judged in the various skills and crafts by Leland Smith of the Tahoe National Forest servic, and his judges committee.

Saturday evening there was a mammoth campfire, large enough to accommodate all the visitors. Scouts provided the program of stunts, songs and story telling. Sunday morning all scouts attended church services, some of which were conducted on the camp grounds.

Each scout, while attending the camporee, was given one free swim in Lake Olympia.

SPECIAL ARMY JOB OPENS FOR YOUNG WOMEN

A new field of duty for certain qualified women has been opened by the U. S. Army for the Women's Army Corps at Arlington Hall Station. Arlington, Virginia, application for which may be made at either of the U. S. Army Recruiting Stations 444 Market Street or 19 Grant Ave.

The duty is with the U. S. Signal Corps, where the WACS are now engaged in highly confidential work.

Arlington Hall Station was, before the war one of the most beautiful colleges for women in the country, and full facilities of the grounds are now open to the WACS stationed there.

A limited number of openings are available to young women in this community who can qualify for this duty.

Women who enlist now in the WAC and ask for Signal Corps duty will, if found qualified, be sent to Fort Des Moines for five weeks' basic military training before being assigned to their permanent duty at Arlington Hall Station, Arlington, Virginia.

PRE RANGER SCOUT COURSE

A report of the pre-ranger scout training session, Camp Hermes near Berkeley during the last week end was given Tuesday by Francis M. McKinney, Scoutmaster of Troop 19, before that troop's sponsor, the Auburn Rotary Club. He emphasized the point that this pre-ranger training, which was given by army and navy specialists under the general direction of Captain Fred Mills, director, health and safety service, Boy Scouts of America, was nothing more than basic scouting with emgellishments—that it was not a training program for miltary service but rather for teaching scouts to take care of hemselves under all conditions in times of peace as well as in times of war. A brief resume and demonstration of this program is planned to give a special course to selected scouts at summer camp and also to conduct under the chairmanship of Alvin Carveth, council leadership training chairman, a similar course for scouters at Camp Pahatsi during the middle of September, details of which will be announced to the field.

TWO HURT WHEN CAR ROLLS INTO OREGON CREEK

Mrs. Gladys Pauline Grengo and Herbert Nelson are in the Miners Hospital here, recovering from injuries suffered, when, to avoid a collision on the Downieville Highway at 9 o'clock Saturday night, Mrs. Grengo drove her car off the embankment and the two rolled down a step declivity, 300 feet into Oregon Creek.

Mrs. Grengo, while her husband is in the army, is running a sawmill near Camptonville, Yuba County. She and Nelson, associated with her in this enterprise, were returning home, when the bright lights of approaching car, threatening collision caused her to swerve on a sharp curve.

Highway Patrolmen Robert Steuber and Lorris Richards state that it is a miracle that either Mrs. Grengo or Nelson survived. They were amazed to find that Mrs. Grengo, suffering from a crushed chest and a frightful gash in her scalp, had crawled up that 300 foot bank to the road and finally obtained help. Nelson is suffering from long exposure in the icy waters of Oregon Creek, where he was pinned into the partially submerged automobile which the highway men report is a total wreck. Both were removed to Nevada City in a Holmes ambulance.

Dr. Norbert Frey, who treated the crash victims, reports that Mrs. Grengo's chest injuries are serious.

HIGHER CEILING FOR HOUSE REPAIRS ASKED

The Grass Valley Chamber of Commerce, on reports that practically all available dwellings in the city are now occupied, will appeal to Congressman Clair Engle for assistance in securing a modification of the WPB order limiting improvements to dwellings to $200. The chamber believes that if this limit were raised to $750, many owners of residence property would be willing to make improvements which would make them attractive to renters.

The chamber unanimously approved a motion to give Nevada City every aid and encouragement in putting on a Fourth of July celebration.

Neither the chamber nor the Grass Valley Police Department hereafter will assist in renting dwellings. The reason given was that vacancies are listed at too many places for a satisfactory and economical service. The business of renting, the chamber decided, will be left in the hands of the real estate dealers.

CHMA REELECTS OFFICERS

The postal vote recently concluded by the California Hydraulic Mining Association, resulted in the reelection of George Hallock of Grass Valley as president.

W. E. Wilson of Forest Hill, Placer County, was chosen again to serve as vice president, W. W. Esterly, succeeded himself as secretary. Mrs. Edna R. Hollenback of Auburn, was reelected treasurer.

Directors at large are Judge George L. Jones, of Nevada City, R. E. Dahlberg and George McAulay of Auburn, W. H. Taylor of San Francisco, George L. Duffey of Forest Hill, E. G. Kinyon of Grass Valley, W. P. Clerkin of French Corral, Nevada County, John A. Livingston of Auburn, and George W. Gildersleeve of Nevada City.

A director from each of the association's ten districts was chosen. They are I. E. Rose, W. E. Wilson, A. H. Turner, C. E. Clark, W. P. Clerkin, F. A. Austin, A. J. Modglnn, R. L. Taylor, J. A. Gilzean and S. W. Waterman.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Beattie and two children of Marysville were recent visitors at the home of their parents, Supervisor and Mrs. C. S. Arbogast.

ARROWHEAD REPORTS BEST CREELS OF TROUT

SAN FRANCISCO, May 22.—Reports of the opening of the trout fishing season are still coming in to the office of the State Division of Fish and Game. The latest is from Lake Arrowhead in San Bernardino County, which had one of the largest crowds of fishermen on record. There were 235 boats on the lake on May 1, averaging three persons per boat, and the shores and docks were lined with people.

That the anglers were not disappointed is shown by the fact that 53 creels, examined at random, contained 459 rainbow trout, with ten to 14 inch fish predominating. This is almost nine fish per angler, a high average for any water. Assuming that the 700 boat fishermen did this well, they alone took over 6,000 fish out of the lake on that day, entirely aside from the numbers taken by shore fishermen.

The largest fish seen weighed 3 pounds 7 ounces and was taken in Bluejay Creek, tributary to the lake. Many men fished this and other tributary streams, where spawning migrations were still in progress. The taking of these spawning fish would be contrary to conservation policy were it not for the fact that these streams go dry, thus rendering ineffective any natural propagation.

LAUNDRY HELP AT CAMP BEALE BADLY NEEDED

CAMP BEALE, May 22.—Mountains of clothes are piling up in the huge Camp Beale laundry for want of enough workers to handle them.

The influx of men to Camp Beale coincident with hot weather is placing an extra load on the already overburdened staff of the post laundry. Up to now soldiers stationed at the camp have enjoyed prompt laundry service—something they must have in order to present a neat, soldierly appearance. But hot weather plays havoc with a soldier's "suntans" and unless more workers come to the aid of the hard pressed laundry staff at Beale, laundry service wil be seriously impaired.

The Camp Beale laundry is a huge, efficient plant but it cannot operate at maximum capacity without sufficient willing hands. The need for more laundry workers is imperative. There are openings in all departments, including flat piece ironers, pressing machine operators, checkers and markers. Experience is not necessary, although desirable; special training will be given to inexperienced help.

One hundred laundry workers are needed at once. No written examination is required, and all appointments are temporary civil service with all privileges or regular civil service workers accorded. Dormitory accommodations are available for those desiring to live on the post. Bus transportation direct to Marysville, Grass Valley and other neighboring communities is available.

Interested applicants for this necessary war work may apply directly to the civilian personnel office at Camp Beale or to the local U. S. Employment Office.

TOBIASSEN HOST NOR. CALIF. PEACE OFFICER DINNER

Sheriff Carl J. Tobiassen was hos and tosatmaster Thursday at th monthly dinner of the Northern Cal ifornia Peace Officers Associatio which was held at noon in the Bre Harte Inn. Guest speaker was Gor don Garland, head of the State Mo tor Vehicle Department.

Garland discussed law enforce ment problems of the Californi Highway Patrol. Fifty peace officer of the northern counties were pres ent, including the president of th association, W. H. Forward, sherif of Butte County. The next meetin will be held in Oroville June 15th.

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H. M. LEETE - - - - - - Editor and Publisher

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JUST WONDERIN'

I wonder at the crooked mind
That holds a crooked thought,
Or entertains the false ideas
That unwise men have taught.
I'm going to straighten out my mind
With all my might and main,
And then, I hope I'll never think
A crooked thought again.

I wonder how many people at this very moment are raising strident voices and telling the world just what the nation needs. If all of these voices could be synchronized and heard at one and the same time, they would prove to be a great noise in a weary land and we should be compelled to seek sound proof rooms and do our own thinking.

We have celebrated I Am An American Week, and just to add my voice to the general clamor, I'm saying that at the present time, what America needs most, is straight thinking on the part of her citizens, wherever and whoever they may be.

We are proud to say, "I am an American," but it is not enough to be an American; one must be American. It is not hard to be an American—an accident of birth or that matter of naturaization papers, and there you are. Being American may be something quite different.

To be Americn, one must think American, speak American and act American. One must grasp the meaning of those ideals and principals upon which this nation was founded and make them a part of his daily living.

I am an American? Even so, I may be a smug, self righteous person, imbued with a supreme contempt for those who are different to me in matters of race and color, religious and political faith. I may even be a wild eyed zealot with the flames of intolerance searing my little soul and inciting me to commit acts of violence and disorder. Being American is not enough. If I would make my Americanism shine, I must be —American.

Serious study and constant practice are required for the mastery of any worthy art. Americanism is a fine art—indeed it is within our power to make it the very finest of all fine arts; therefore in order to distinguish ourselves in its service we are resolved to uphold and dignify our privileges of American citizenship to make ourselves acquainted with our nation's history and with the freedoms which we have inherited, together with all the duties and responsibilities which attend them, to refrain from the unrestrained speech and actions which might dishonor our American traditions and drag our country's banner through the fusome mire of ancient hates and suspicions and intolerances. In other words, to be at all times—American.

More faith in our alikeness
In heart and mind and deeds,
More truth in daily service
Are what our country needs.—A. Merriam Conner.

FLOATING BRIDGE TO TOKIO

America's lack of adequate bases in the Pacific, it is now generally agreed by military experts, was the major factor which emboldened Japan to make its treacherous attack on Pearl Harbor. The Japs gambled on the fact that we lacked island stepping stones to bring our bombing planes within range of Tokio and were confident they could sink our few aircraft carriers before they could ever be brought into action.

The Japs made on serious mistake in their calculations, however. They discounted American ingenuity—and American production capacity. Certainly they never visualized a floating bridge to Tokio, composed of 100 American aircraft carriers, flanked by a huge batlte fleet. But that, according to Rear Admiral Ramsey, chief of the Navy Bureau of Aeronautics, is the bridge to Tokio that will be used to spearhead our attack on the Jap homeland.

Before the end of 1944, reported Admiral Ramsey, the United States will have more than 100 aircraft carriers in the Pacific. And he continued: "Through the concentration of carriers in the large numbers now available, we can bring overwhelming air power to bear against small but strategically important island objectives where limitations of terrain definitely restrict the number of land based planes that can be operated ". Then, with respect to our battle fleet, he commented: "The sooner we get in a knock-down, drag-out fight with the enemy's surface navy the better, for we can afford to play the game of ship for ship with them—and they cannot!"

Today we have our stepping stones to Tokio—and there are gathering indications that the Japs now recognize how badly they miscalculated.—Contributed.

SWINDLING THE SERVICE MAN

The recently disclosed "nylon" stocking racket which sold cheap rayon hose to women (and men, too) at black market prices, was the forerunner of a new avalanche of fakes and frauds to separate the gullible from their money.

Nobody feels very sorry for the man or woman "taken" in the black market but the penalties for rackets that rob the veteran, returning from military duty with his meager pay in his pocket, ought to be as stiff as the law allows.

After World War I, veterans were the prey of countless plausible appearing schemes to fleece the unwary. In those days, according to the Better Business Bureau of San Francisco, patriotic investors were relieved of some 400 million dollars worth of Liberty Bonds by swindlers!

The average citizen is somewhat at fault in permitting himself to be duped, for responsible agencies and services exist for the purpose of investigating the soundness of investment propositions. But a veteran, returning to beloved home soil after risking his life for it, somehow doesn't expect to be the object of other Americans' avarice. His protection from racketeers would seem to be the logical responsibility of home folk and home authorities.

Punishment as severe as the utmost limit of the racket laws permit is none too strong for the slick promoters who persist in choosing their victims among men in uniform.—Contributed.

TIME FOR SELLING

If the American business man isn't to be caught napping, he shoud be soliciting orders right now for goods to be manufactured and delivered when the war is over. That sage advice comes from Henry J. Kaiser, who believes that orders on the books are just as necessary as goods on the shelves, if we are to have full-scale employment in the after the war period.

"The goods that industry is planning to produce," says Mr. Kaiser, "are going to have to be sold. And what I'd like to know is, when do we start selling?

Orders on the books are an indisensabple ingredient in anybody's post war plan. Manfacturers can't be sure they'll be able to carry out their plans until they have orders. Bankers can't be sure it's safe to lend money to finance industrial expansion until industry has orders. And workers can't be sure they're going to have jobs until their employers have orders."

That's certainly sound sense. American business and industry, during the war, have been selling the bulk of their goods to one customer—Uncle Sam. But after the war, 120,000,000 individual Americans will be the customers. And the business man who waits until the whistles blow, and peace comes, to map his sales program is likely to be out of business for some time to come. It's time to get those orders on the books.—Contributed.

PRESERVE THE BILL OF RIGHTS!

Seizure by troops at the direction of President Roosevelt of the Montgomery Ward plant in Chicago constituted probably the gravest threat to the Bill of Rights in 150 years.

Discussion of the incident, important as it is to the future of America, cannot be a matter of politics. Senator Harry F. Byrd, a Democrat, in a speech delivered in the United States Senate, voiced the nationwide reaction to an episode characterized as a "dictatorial act of arrogance" and a "colossal blunder."

Vigorously condemning the drastic steps taken by the Roosevelt administration in the Montgomery Ward case, Senator Byrd declared: "For the first time in the history of our country we witnessed the spectacle of the attorney general of the United States acting as a generalissimo in personal charge of military forces to seize a non-war business operation.

"Have we reached a state in this country that the directives of a federal bureau can be enforced at the point of the bayonet? If the directives of the war labor board can be so enforced on a non-war business operation, then so can the directives issued by the OPA, the WPB and the dozens of other government agencies with the result that the constitutional right of the citizens of America to adjudication of their rights in the proper court of law will be denied to them.

"Today the American people are in the hands of a centralized and entrenched bureaucracy such as America has never before known. It is imperative, so as to preserve our freedoms, that we safeguard the rights of the individual citizens to appeal to the courts, and require that differences that may occur between the citizens and any bureau of the government shall not be settled by military force, but shall be determined by the congress and the courts.—Contributed.

PUBLISHERS SEE ROLE WAVES PLAY IN NAVY

Members of the California Newspaper Publishers Association were afforded an intimate glimpse of the Navy's vast shore establishment on May 30th, when they visited Naval activities in the San Francisco bay area. Guests of the Office of Naval Officer Procurement the publishers, representing nearly every community from Fresno to Eureka, visited the great Mare Island Navy Yard, Hunters Point Dry Docks, Oakland Naval Hospital, Treasure Island Training Center, the Alameda Naval Air Station and the WAVES quarters in San Francisco.

At Mare Island the publishers visited the destroyer and submarine bases and witnessed man types of naval craft in the process of construction. At the Mare Island Hospital, Captain George Mott gave the visitors an interesting lecture, illustrated with motion pictures, on the Navy's long term rehabilitation project through which injured men with artificial limbs are restored to normal civilian life. More than 200 WAVE hospital corpsmen were on duty at the hospital, aeach WAVE having released a male corpsman for duty at sea or at advance bases.

At Hunters Point Dry Docks visitors saw at first hand the tremendous expansion which has taken place at these great docks which have been the scene of naval repair activities since 1863. Here again several score "billets" have been taken over by WAVES.

At the Naval Hospital in Oakland now one of the largest in the country, the visiting publishers saw the great extent to which hospital work is now being performed by members of the Women's Naval Reserve. The work of WAVES at the Oakland Hospital ranges from stenographic work to general ward duty and includes duties in the laboratories, physical-therapy, occupational therapy, dental clinic, recreation department, X-ray photographic laboratory, and surgery. Over 300 male hospital corpsmen are now on foreign duty as a result of these WAVES having taken over their jobs ashore.

The entire group of publishers were guests of Rear Admiral Hugo W. Osterhaus for luncheon at the officers mess on Treasure Island where they witnessed a display of swimming and abandon ship drill in the pool of the station gymnasium. Nearly 500 WAVES have replaced men at the Treasure Island Training Center which has become one of the greatest on the west coast. Duties of the girls range from yeoman through radiomen and various types of specialties, to seamen assigned to general duties.

At Alameda Naval Air Station the group of publishers toured the vast assembly and repair shops where more than 7000 navy men and women and civilians work around the clock to keep the navy's planes in fighting trim. 200 WAVES rated as ordnance men, metal smiths, and machinists mates work in the assembly and repair shops. The group had an opportunity to meet two of the WAVE machinists mates who were overhauling a plane at the Flight Testing Center. More than 400 WAVES assigned to general and aviation duties are attached to the Alameda Air Station.

Climax of the day's comprehensive tour was a visit to the Enlisted WAVES quarters in San Francisco. Located in the commodious former club house of the Western Women's Club, these quarters provide a modern home for more than 700 WAVES stationed in the San Francisco area. The quarters, reputed to be one of the finest provided for members of the Women's Service anywhere in the United States, provides all facilities ranging from a swimming pool to a ship's service store under one roof.

Representing one of the largest concentrations of naval strength any where in the world, the naval establishment in the San Francisco bay area, which was viisted in part by the California Newspaper Publishers Association on last Saturday, has aver 3500 WAVES now on duty in its various activities. With the Pacific war increasing in tempo and placing greater burdens on the west coast, it is expected that the number of Women Reservists assigned to take over navy jobs ashore in Northern California will be increased by several thousand by the end of 1944.

Personal

Local people will be interested to learn of the Stootveen family, one time residents of this city who now reside in Oakland. Ainsworth, their oldest son is a technical sergeant in the engineers and is in Italy. The twins, Boyd and Floyd are in Louisiana. One of them is in the cavalry and the other in artillery. but they are in the same division. Boyd enjoyed a furlough to his parents home recently.

Charles Coughlan, son of Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Coughlan accompanied his uncle Supervisor J. Coughlan, to Columbia Hill Thursday and he will enjoy a visit in the old Coughlan home. He has been released from the U. S. army hospital at Santa Barbara after several months illness.

Herman Peterson of Mill street returned home the past week end from a two month's stay in Penn Grove near Petaluma. He has been assisting a brother with his poultry ranch while the brother was ill in a hospital.

Bud Hutton, miner at the Collier Mine beyond Copperopolis is here for a four week rest. He has spent the past three weeks in a hospital in Sonora and Community Hospital in Grass Valley. His wife and children are residing in Angels Camp. Bud Button was employed in the Brush Creek gold mine near Goodyears Bar three and a half years, working for F. F. Cassidy and others interested in the property. The Hutton family resided in Goodyears Bar and expect to return there after the war. He will reopen the Brush Creek mine.

Constable James Willams, who has been very ill at the home of his son in Angels Camp, has returned home much improved in health. He went to the lower elevation for the benefit of his health and suffered a critical heart attack and was in a hospital for three weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Griffith of Goodyears Bar were business visitors in Nevada City Wednesday afternoon.

Phone 36 FOR WANT ADS

ORGAN—Will pay cash for good old organ if reasonable. Call Grass Valley 260J. 4-172tc

FOR SALE—PINE WOOD — Two tier or more delivered in Nevada City or Grass Valley. Jakes Wood Yard, Cartoscelli Place, Grass Valley-Nevada City Highway. 4-13-1moc

WANTED — Coin collections. L. E. Sherow, Box 2, Nevada City. 3-513p

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WOMEN'S CIVIC CLUB
Regular meetings the 2nd and 4th Thursdays of the month, at the Grammar School Auditorium. 2:30 p. m.
MRS. BERYL ROBINSON, Pres.
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Meets every second and fourth Thursday evening at 8 p. m. in Elks Home, Pine St. Phone 108.
Visitinw Elks welcome.
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THE NUGGET

Indian BEEF

by HAROLD CHANNING WIRE

WNU RELEASE

He threw his fist again into a body blow.

out easy. I know . . . you'll head back to your Open A friends now and work from there."

Splann dropped his arm. "You want to save that?"

"How?"

"Let me see Clay Manning."

He shook his head. "You'll see no one."

Splann turned. He was in the saddle when he said, "You're draggin' down more than you know. I'll see Clay. Tell him so. And there'll be two others when I do!" He pulled his horse around and jumped him into a lope.

Quarternight growled, "Lew, you had him. Why didn't you finish it?"

"Not my way, I guess," he said. "Anyhow, Splann's only one. It wouldn't have settled anything."

Enough time had passed, he felt, for Steve and Clay in camp. He moved back to his horse. From the saddle, with the others up around him, he said, "I know we've all done enough riding in the past twenty-four hours, but I'm going to ask you to ride some more. We're lucky in getting ourselves bunched. That thunderstorm was bad and it must have given a stampede down at Doan's. Those herds were all camped too close together. If they ran they mixed, and it'll take a week to get them untangled. This gives us a chance to trail ahead. So we'll go in and eat and then we'll cross."

There was another reason also he had for moving now. Times like this work was better than anything else. He didn't want Joy, or the men either, with an idleness to go back over what had happened. Now the shock still held them in a numb way. Throwing themselves into the job of crossing would ease the bad hours that were bound to come.

Riding toward the camp's smoke, he was not quite sure what he would find there. But instantly, entering the little open space, he knew he should have understood the girl better than that. There had been no outburst of grief here, no crying. With the men going past him to get their meal from the fire pit he stepped down from his saddle and walked toward her.

She stood at the end of her wagon, both arms rigidly down at her sides. Clay had just stepped back from her. He didn't locate Steve.

She remained like that, motionless and dry-eyed until he was close; and then it was as if something violently released drove her against him. His arms were around her and he felt the silent, wracking way in which she let go. He bent his head and laid his cheek against her hair and let that moment's grief spend itself. He saw Clay start back toward them.

She drew her head up and raised her eyes to his. "I'm all right." He seemed to look far down in them and see all of this girl's quiet courage and something else in their steady gaze, unreadable to him.

Then Clay was at his side. His hand took her arm. "Honey, you'd better rest." His blue eyes turned with a hot stare. "That goes for the whole camp, I figure. Any objections, Lew?"

He saw where Clay was leading. The challenge was thinly veiled. And that a man even with Clay's surly temper should force any issue now showed him how unexplainably bitter the reasons must be.

"We'll rest," he said, "beyond the river. We're going across as soon as we eat."

"Not if I know it!" Clay jerked his glance to the girl. "Joy, this is up to us. You don't have to go on."

"Clay!" She stared at him with a suddenly lost look. "What are you doing?"

"Joy," Lew said, "never mind. We're all of us on edge. It'll be all right." He moved to Clay's side and put his hand on his arm, his body covering the hard grip of his fingers. He turned Clay and walked him, the grip digging in. They were beyond her hearing when the arm jerked free.

He halted. "Clay, damn your soul." He could speak without anger now. His own life had been bitter and twisted enough at times so that he could know the hounding torment of another's mind. He had that understanding without knowing what was behind it. "This is plenty hard for her," he said. "You haven't made it any easier. What kind of a devil's driving you, Clay? I'll tell you one thing. You needn't hide so much maybe. Splann's quit."

"Quit?" Clay turned and was suddenly rigid and still. "You mean he pulled out himself?"

"Well, no," he said. "I fired him. We had a run-in." He waited, watching that desperate, driven look set across Clay's big face. "Splann will go to the Open A. I know that. What does it mean?"

There was no hot violence that he had expected in the answer. "It means," Clay said, "you've played hell." He swung his broad shoulders and walked away.

Lying there with the midafternoon sun bright upon its surface and the green grass stretching away beyond the north shore, the Red looked as inviting as a man could want. But a trail boss never could be sure. He had learned that himself in the way all men had learned it, by grief. Yet he felt that now was the one time to cross. A man shouldn't wait for the high water to drop to normal level. Flood had scoured the river to its hardpan bottom. Later, when the current slowed completely, the silt would pile up. That made your quicksand, the dreaded deathtrap for cattle.

It looked only like a smooth red lake half a mile wide and broken in the middle by a little island. There might be some deep channels. The cattle and horses could swim those if they had to. And they could make a cottonwood raft for the wagons. He decided to try the horse herd first.

Wheeling from the bank, he saw Clay in camp arguing with the men around him. But Quarternight was in there. Clay wouldn't get far with old Rebel John. Off on the flat the pooled longhorns had lain down, resting. Moonlight Bailey and Jim Hope were grazing the horses apart from them along the creek.

He sailed a yell into camp and saw the men start toward him, all except Clay and Steve. And then, waiting for the riders to come out, and with that sign of Clay's growing rebellion so clear, his mind went to a thing he had not thought of before. Tom Arnold had said for him to look in an old account book that Joy's wagon carried if anything happened. A moment's speculation held him, but afterward in the rush of work he did not think of it again.

Riding on toward the horse herd, he could see the dead-tired heaviness of his crew. Yet there was no complaint and there would be none. "We'll get across and camp early," he promised.

The horses had no fear of the river. Under pressure of the riders strung out behind them they raced to the water and plunged in, sending muddy geysers higher than their heads.

He pulled off on the bank and watched them closely, seeing the flood touch their bellies but come no farther than that. It was safe enough, he thought, to cross the wagons.

When his wave brought them out of camp he saw Clay on the seat with Joy, driving for her, his big shape stiff and set. Without a wait for help he turned down the slippery bank.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Stone Transferred To Post At Truckee

Forest Supervisor Guerdon Elliis of the Tahoe National Forest has announced the transfen of Nelson Stone, fire control assistant to Ranger H. I. Snider of the Truckee ranger district to the Camptonville district as fire contral assistant to Ranger Frank Meggers.

Leo Chatfield, fire control assistant on the Camptonville district transfers to the Truckee ranger district as fire control assistant to Ranger Snider.

Another sad message came to the Clifford Dodge family Thursday of this week in the passing of Mrs. J. A. Ruth, grandmother of the Ruth children in Central Point, Oregon. Last week the war department notified Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Dodge their son, Max Ruth, U. S. marine, was killed in action, in the South Pacific, in fighting on Guadalcanal eighteen months ago.

ORDNANCE UNIT TACKLES EVERY KIND OF REPAIRS

ALLIED FORCE HEADQUARTERS, MEDITERRANEAN THEATRE —May 1 —When the soldier pulls the firing lever on the 90 millimeter anti-aircraft gun as Jerry comes zooming in, he can thank this ordnance outfit. When he hears the chow call or steps on the gas of his vehicle or picks up the "Stars and Stripes"—he can thank the men in this one ordnance company. In fact, there is hardly one aspect of army life in the area around this large North African city — and even, in some instances, on the Aznio beachhead—where they do not figure. They are really and truly the men behind the gun—and practically anything else you care to mention.

Sgt. Julius J. Self, 30, son of Mrs. E. Self of 47-B Boulder street, Nevada City, is a member of this outfit.

As Technical Sergeant Paul E. Yasher, 29, of United, Penna., puts it, "anything the army has that needs repair, they bring in. And we get it done."

This sounds like a rather large order. And it is. But this heavy maintenance ordnance company has a long history of large orders behind it—all of them successfully completed as attested to by the commenations received from the outfits they have served.

The heavy maintenance part of their outfit designation doesn't have much signififance for not only do they handle the repair of Long Toms and tanks, but their work ranges right on down the line to the adjustment of delicate precision instruments, watches, sights and prisms. They repair stoves for the kitchens of the army; they raise the faces and keep the motors humming of every type of army vehicle from motorcycle to prime mover; they have even modified an old lumber saw so that it will cut the paper that is used for the soldier's "Stars and Stripes."

The company was formed in June, 1941 at the Aberdeen Proving Grounds. The majority of the men are highly trained technicians who have attended Ordnance Training School and the Armored Force School at Fort Knox. They know their pobs from ack-ack to Zed rocket gun. Landing in North Africa in January, 1943, they handled the tremendous task of receiving, servicing, storing and issuing artillery weapons, tactical vehicles and combat vehicles in the initial phase of the operations that ultimately axed the axis in North Africa.

Since that time they have repaired and sent back into action tanks, armored vehicles and trucks knocked out in the Tunisian, Sicilian and Italian campaigns. They have inspected and put into combat condition the vehicles of entire divisions readying for the front.

You name it; they have either done it or have it on order.

COUNTY TAXES IN DOWN TREND

Property taxes levied in Nevada County for the current year total $481,767, compared with the total levy of $596,659 for 1942-43, California Taxpayers association stated today analyzing trends in property tax levies in California counties.

City property taxes in the county totalled $35,547 this year, compared with $35,896 last year. General county taxes amounted to $271,161 for 1943-44 compared with $284,372 for last year. Taxes levied for the school districts in the county totalled $168,051 this year compared with $172,217 for last year. Special district levies this year amounted to $7,008 compared with $4174 for 1942-43.

Throughout the state, property tax levies amount to $313,475,145 for 1043-44 down 1 per cent from the $316,780,015 levy for 1942-43, the association found.

DEATH CLAIMS MRS. MARY WEED

Mrs. Mary Weed passed away at a local hospital early yesterday morning. She and her husband had been resident here but two months.

Mrs. Weed was a native of Santa Rosa, Sonoma County, and was aged 64 years. Surviving her is her husband Harrell L. Weed. Funeral arrangements are being made by the Holmes Funeral Home.

MISS HIMES IN ENGLAND

Mrs. Grace Himes received a message Thursday stating her Miss Madeline Himes, had arrived safely in England. Miss Himes left here April 6th enroute to Washington, D. C. where she took a stiff course of training in the American Red Cross recreational service, which she completed May 1st. Four California girls made the trip to the east coast the same time as Miss Himes and they completed the course together. later taking in the sights around New York and Washington, D. C.

Miss Himes was employed in secretarial work in the Presidio, San Francisco two years before deciding to enter the Red Cross work.

BORN

JURY—In Nevada City, Nevada County, May 1st 1944, to Mr. and Mrs. Claude Jury, a daughter.

The population of India has increased fifty million in ten years.

Tahoe Fire Station At Public Camp Ground Opens

Ranger H. I. Snider, of the Truckee district, Tahoe National Forest, stated yesterday that the fire patrol station, two and a half miles south of Tahoe City, in a public camp ground will be opened at once.

Lake Tahoe dwellers who wish to do spring burning may get permits there. Rex Levisiee, veteran patrolman, will be in charge of the station.

Thursday and Friday the Nevada County supervisors met in the court house and canvassed the vote or election returns of the primary election. Present for the session were Alex Robertson, Truckee, Jerome Coughlan, Columbia Hill, F. Rowe, Grass Valley, Warren Odell, Clear Creek, C. S. Arbogast, Nevada City. Mrs. Robertson accompanied her husband and was a guest of Mrs. C. S. Arbogast of Park avenue during the two day session.

Follow this FOOD Rule
7 BASIC FOODS
Provide Vital Vitamins
GROUP ONE
GREEN AND YELLOW VEGETABLES...
some raw, some cooked, frozen or canned
GROUP TWO
ORANGES, TOMATOES, GRAPEFRUIT...
or raw cabbage or salad greens
GROUP THREE
POTATOES AND OTHER VEGETABLES AND FRUITS
raw, dried, cooked, frozen or canned
GROUP FOUR
MILK AND MILK PRODUCTS...
fluid, evaporated dried milk, or cheese
GROUP FIVE
MEAT, POULTRY, FISH, OR EGGS...
or dried beans, peas, nuts, or peanut butter
GROUP SIX
BREAD, FLOUR, AND CEREALS...
Natural whole grain or enriched or restored
GROUP SEVEN
BUTTER AND FORTIFIED MARGARINE...
(with added Vitamin A)
Avoid Being a Vitamin Killer!
PRACTICE PROTECTIVE COOKING
When you eat right, you feel right. There is no question about that. The first half of eating begins with planning your meals for health giving qualities. A good guide to follow is the 7 Basic Foods chart recommended by national nutrition authorities. The second half of proper eating and the most important...is protective cooking. That means cooking foods, especially vegetables, in as little water as possible and for as short a time as possible. The reason is this. Most vitamins do not like to be drowned in lots of water or be smothered by prolonged heat exposure. There is a tummy-yum-yum flavor to all foods when the natural vitamins and minerals have been retained by the proper cooking. A taste-test will convince you. Try it!
Gas and Electricity are Vital in War Work
Conserve and Save...Do Not Waste!
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SAMPLE COPY ON REQUEST

WITH OUR BOYS IN GLOBAL WAR

S. Sgt. William Muscardini—

A notice from the U. S. Air Service Command in England received by Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Muscardini in this city, states that their son, William S. Muscardini, has been promoted from sergeant to staff sergeant. Young Muscardini graduted from the Nevada City High School in 1941. He was employed for a time as senior aircraft sheet metal worker at the Sacramento Air Depot. He has been overseas eight months and his present duties are those of assistant crew chief in charge of sheet metal.

Cadet Clyde M. Cole Jr.—

Aviation Cadet Clyde Mason Cole Jr., son of Mr. Clyde Mason Cole, Sr., Washington, Calif., has successfully completed his basic flying training at the Lemoore Army Air Field and now takes his final hurdle at an Army Air Forces Advanced Flying Training School before receiving his silver wings.

Mr. and Mrs. George Mellott of Town Talk have three sons in the U. S. armed forces.

Kenton Mellott—

Kenton Mellott, oldest son, is an air force in Pyotte, Texas. He is now crewing a private plane for generals and colonels, and will be transferred wherever the plane goes. Kenton was employed by the Tahoe National forest a portion of the time here making the attractive rustic signs for the forest service areas. He attended the local high school.

George Mellott—

George Mellott second son, worked in the Omega gravel mine two or three years and is now in Honolulu. He was in the U. S. armed service a year last February. He is an air force engineer. His wife and ten months old son are now in Kay Junction. Oregon, with her parents. Mellott was home last fall and saw his son for the first and last time. He spends all spare time hunting sea shells on the beaches in Honolulu sending his mother a beautiful cat's eye shell, a shell necklace of beads for his wife and sent home lots of shells.

Ned J. Mellott—

Ned J. Mellott youngest and third son of Mr. and Mrs. George Mellott has been in service since March 1943. He is now an airplane mechanic in England. He works long hours but seems to be happy. He attended schools in Nevada City.

Fabien Joyal—

Fabien Joyal, oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Joyal, is still at Shoemaker waiting to be assigned to a ship. He finished his underwater welding course at Treasure Island.

Phil Joyal—

Lt. Phil Joyal, with the U. S. air forces on the Atlantic seaboard, is on sick leave, recovering from an operation for kidney stones. He expects to go overseas as soon as he is well, but hopes to get home a few days as he has not seen his parents in over two years.

Bill Joyal—

Bill Joyal third son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Joyal is in New Guinea. He had an arm paralyzed recently when a thrown base ball bat hit him. He has had his share of fighting with his plane since landing in the South Pacific.

Ronald Joyal, U. S. Navy—

Ronald Joyal, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Joyal, arrived from the South Pacfic in February and spent his 30 day leave with his parents in San Francisco and friends in Long Beach. Ronald was happy to be home again. He s in Seattle now.

To complete this group of Joyals, the father is employed in construction work in ship yards at Hunters Point. Mrs. Joyal is a toll adding clerk on a comptometer. Both husband and wife like their war time jobs, in San Francisco.

The Joyal family maintains a home at the end of Park avenue and expect to return here to reside after the war is over. All the Joyal boys attended the local schools and are well and favorably known here by a wide circle of friends.

Staff Sergeant Ray Wilde—

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Wilde have received a letter from their son, Ray Wilde telling them of his promotion to staff sergeant. He has been overseas a year the 10th of May. Ray writes that he will surely be glad when the war is over. He is fine. His address is S-Sgt. Ray B. Wilde, 39400682, Hq. Co., 1192nd Engr. A PO 502, care post master, San Francisco, California.

Clarence Rickard, MM 8c—

Clarence Rickard, master mechanic third class, came up from Camp Parks near Livermore and is enjoying a short leave here with his wife and child. He left here last June and trained in Camp LeJune. North Carolina, returning to Camp Parks recently. Clarence will be remembered here as a mechanic in the Bill Williamson garage on Pine Street. He attended the local schools and was an energetic mechanic.

Robert Kistle—

A letter was received by members of the Alfred Kistle family that Robert Kistle was safe and well in England. This news came as a great relief to the family as it had been reported he was missing in action in Italy, the day before Mothers Day. Robert is the son of Alfred Kistle and one of twenty children who was born and reared here. He married a Grass Valley girl three years ago.

Leonard D. Bennett—

Mrs. Leonard Bennett of upper Boulder street received a message last week her husband was wounded in action in New Guinea. He is a brother in law of Sam Bedwell, Forest, Alleghany, Nevada City stage driver and Mrs. Bedwell. Mrs. Bennett came here from Arkansas to stay with her sister until the war is over.

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FOR INFORMATION and enrollment forms write today to:

War Training Office
Room 265, Engineering Bldg.,
Stanford University, Calif.
If already in essential war work, do not apply.

CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT CORP.

AN AMERICAN SAILOR SEES EDINBURGH AND ABERDEEN

Lieut. (jg) Harley M. Leete Jr. writes of his second visit to Edinburgh and of an overnight stay in Aberdeen where he notes the grandeur of the highland scenery and the solidity of the granite buildings and streets and enjoys the hospitality of an Aberdeen doctor and his wife.

About five o'clock Friday I arrived in Glasgow, and immediately canght a train for Edinburgh. The distance between Glasgow and Edinburgh is about fifty miles and the fare—in a first class compartment for a service man is three shillings, sixpence, or about eighty cents to you Yankees—the ride to Edinburgh was most uninteresting. It was six o'clock when I arrived, and as I planned to stay there Friday night I went to the two leading hotels, the Royal British and the North British, only to find that both of them were completely "booked" for the night. My next move was to hit the American Red Cross right there on Princess Street, for they almost always have some rooms up their sleeve. They did — the only thing they had was a bed in an officer's hostel on Royal Circle. So that suited me all right and I departed to stow my gear, planning to return and eat dinner at. say the Royal British, after having a noggin or two in one of their intensely modern bars.

It seems to me that I've told you about Edinburgh before, but it really is an elegent city. The main street is a regular little Fifth Avenue, with fur coats and moderately stylish women in abundance. There is a deep broad ravine, neatly landscaped with a big rail road center and station down at the bottom of it. This runs parallel to Princess Street and on the opposite side rises up a very steep almost cliff like hill upon which stands historic Edinburgh Castle with its romantic grey turrets and battlements. The castle is at the top of the promontory which grades gradually down, and there is another business section on that part.

It was dusk when I arrived there, and the castle loomed up out of the low hanging mist that hid the lower parts of the hill. The trams and the buses and occasional cabs had turned on their blackout lights and you could still see the many service men of all nations and the civilians scuttling about in the purplish gloom. The Sir Walter Scott monument, the chief landmark of the West Phincess street gardens (the park in the ravine) loomed out of the darkness as I approached the Red Cross. It is made of red stone and is the only interesting looking monument I have ever seen except for the statue of William Wallace (the Protector of Scotland) that I saw in Aberdeen.

So I arrived at the officer's hostel with my little bag. In the ante room of this establishment was a huge young man with the beribboned bonnet and plaid pants of some Scottish regiment. He, seeing that I was an American, asked me what part of the states I was from.

"California," says I.

"Hi gad" cries this character, "I'm from Los Angeles."

So, moderately amazed. I squared my gear away at this hostel, and placing my good American torch in my pocket, tramped back to Princess Street, and the fleshpots.

Edinburgh's fleshiest fleshpots, I would say. is the Royal British. This has two snappy bars, one corny one, and a nice dining room with the usual sub-high school orchestra. So I strolled into a tiny, quite modern bar—crowded with rather sharp looking characters and somewhat dopy looking babes. Presently, the best looking character came along, a gee wearing a sharp Harris tweed gray flannel combination. I could tell just by looking at him that he was an officer of some description and it turned out that he was a lieutenant in the Canadian Navy from Ottawa just across from Niagara Falls. It was a pleasure to talk to someone who spoke English as she is spoke in the states in Edinburgh where most conversation falls between the two schools of the brau burr and the broad a. It developed that he was waiting for his buddy, another Canadian naval officer who was to arrive at 8. (British officers are permitted to doff their uniforms when not on duty and wear civilian clothes—a noble custom, I must say) He and his buddy had been making a bicycle trip through Scotlond and while on leave. They had been up in Aberdeen a couple of days before.

It appeared that the dining room at the hotel was so crowded that they were admitting only residents and their guests — so naturally I went right in to dinner with my two new friends. We had quite a merry dinner, and about ten I blew and hit the sack in my hostel early. Saturday morning I got up early enough to eat breakfast and tea at the hostel.

It was about eleven when I left, so I went immediately to the railroad station to see about getting a train for Aberdeen, a city in the north or Scotland (only 122 miles from Bergen, Norway) that I was so anxious to see. So I got my ticket and found that the train was slated to leave in a couple of hours at two p. m.

In some cafe or other on Princess Street I had tea and the noonday meal—mashed potatoes and sausage. After that I sallied out and walked up Princess Street, looking at all the people, the moderately good looking girls with fur coats and new shoes, and the soldiers and sailors of many countries.

At about two, I clambered into my first class compartment. I had bought a very detailed map of my routes to Aberdeen in one of the hopelessly dull British book stores, and so as the journey progressed I knew just where I was at every minute. I liked that.

There were assorted characters in the compartment—five others besides myself, of course. One was a major in the British army—a doctor—who had just been repatriated after spending three and one half years in a German prison camp. He was very handsome and urbane, and looked none the worse for wear. There was an elderly couple, a doctor and his wife who was a captain in the British Red Cross. They took rather a parental interest in me, for some reason or another and kept quite busy keeping me informed about the country on the east coast of Scotland that we were passing through, and telling about what to look for in Aberdeen. There were a couple of Wrens (British Waves) country girls, and at one time there was a Cockney sailor, very brash, who made himself hideously unpopular with the three ladies in the compartment by guessing their ages with a little system of cards that he had. However, he left quite soon much to everyone's relief.

The elderly doctor and his wife grew quite chummy towards the end of the four hour trip, and when we arrived at Aberdeen, they dropped me off at my hotel (I'd reserved a room from Edinburgh) the Caledonian.

The hotel was very nice—the office was in kind of a glass cupola in the lobby, the way they often are in hotels over here. I must have been the only American navy officer in Aberdeen, for I didn't see any others, and people looked at me like you do an Indian in full tribal regalia. I soon noted that the hotel boasted an American bar full of rather lively looking Canadians, Scotch and a few American soldiers on leave so I put in for a Scotch before dinner.

Dinner was delightful—steak and kidney pie—very bountiful with the steaks and great big fresh green peas—the first I've had over here about the size of avocadoes—they aren't starving to death in Aberdeen. Before dinner I had time to walk about the streets in the dusk—it's a city of 180,000 with an amazing number of churches and public monuments. All the buildings and I mean all of them, are built of granite and it is the solidest looking place you can imagine. The streets and sidewalks are made of this bright grey granite, too—the streets from cobbles and the sidewalks from slabs.

I hit the sack in my nice little Room 309 rather early, got up in time for a good sized breakfast and of course, tea. My bill, in this, Aberdeen's best hotel for breakfast and room, was twelve shillings, or two-forty. The people I'd met in the compartment coming up had asked me to go to their house for lunch, so before lunch I sallied out and went for a long walk, seeing many of the sights of Aberdeen. First there was the Mareschal College, a very elaborate structure built of the brightest granite, with a regular froth of little spires going up from the top of it—really beautiful looking in a delightfully gingerbread way. Then I went for a long walk out one of the streets. Amusingly enough, even the rare streets that are straight, in these Scotch cities, change their names about every two blocks.

It is as if, going down University Avenue in Berkeley, one started out on University Avenue and after going a couple of blocks, the name on the street changed to Bayview Terrace and then a couple of blocks farther changes to Spenger's Grotto Lane and so on. In one of the many public squares stands a magnificent iron statue for William Wallace, Protector of Scotland. The inscription on the great granite blocks under this huge statue tells in indignant terms of Wallace's noble fight against the king of England, and of his persecution and execution at the hands of the English king. I was standing in front of the statue (and to show you how unknown the American uniform was there) when some old highland gee with a moustache as long as a beard, came up and asked me directions in an indecipherable brogue.

At twelve the doctor's wife (age fifty) came around and took me to the huge granite quarry on the outskirts of town. There we looked into a hole in solid rock about a hundred yards in diameter and four hundred and sixty five feet deep. A little guy about the size of a flea was crawling around in the bottom of this strange pit. Presently he clambered onto a steel tray that was attached to a lifting arrangement and cables, and with his hands stuffed nonchalantly in his pockets, swinging precariously back and forth on this steel slab in the middle of the emptiest space I have ever seen he was hoisted up. Mrs. Hendry asked him as he arrived at the top of his long ascent, if he would be so good as to let me go down and up again. Unfortunately, (gad, what a sigh of relief I heaved—I was gulping aghast as a fish out of water) this could not be arranged.

Thence we proceeded to the doctor's home, a very lovely establishment behind a grim and unostentatious granite facade. I had a glass of sherry with the doctor before lunch, and he talked to me of German spies dropped by parachute in the highlands, and captured by the alert Scotsmen, before they got past the railroad station. He also talked of the highlands and of the beauties of hiking in the Dee river valley which extends from Aberdeen right up into the heart of the highlands. The city of Aberdeen is betwixt the Dee and the Don and the river and bridges add a lot to its picturesque qualities.

Lunch was very good, pork being the entree and hot plums, and hot lemon pie with an enormous meringue being the dessert. The doctor and his wife were cultured people, and before the war, Mrs. Hendry used to get over to Paris every summer, and travel on the continent about every other year. She must have been fifty but she was a great hiker and showed me a lot of photographs of herself standing on utterly unclimbable peaks—taken only a year or two ago. She had lived in Los Angeles for a couple of years, been a very good friend of Mary Pickford before she came to fame, and known Douglas Fairbanks quite well too. A couple of years ago, Lady Ashley had had tea at their house.

The degree of housekeeping that these Scotch characters go to is right out of this world. When you go into a living room, or a dining room, even dimly lit, a million lights strike your eye, because everything is polished within an inch of its life. Mrs. Hendry showed me some of her heirlooms. She had some black Wedgewood (really very dark brown) that was apparently made in 1700 something. The black Wedgewood tea set had white bone handles: I thought it rather more striking than pleasing. You would have gotten quite a bit more out of seeing her heirlooms than I did for though I tried to make a mental note of everything I saw for you, most of it didn't register with me. After bidding them a pleasant farewell. I got the train to Edinburgh, thence to Glasgow, spent a quiet snooze in the American Red Cross in Glasgow and then my leave was over. Got back at our base Monday morning.

STAY OUT OF CANAL AND STAY ALIVE WARNING

"Stay out of the Contra Costa canal and stay alive" is the timely warning issued today by O. G. Boden, construction engineer for the Bureau of Reclamation at Antiocih.

A completed 38 mile section of the canal is in use from the intake at Rock Slough, three miles east of Oakley, to Walnut Creek adjacent to the town of Walnut Creek and with the coming of warm weather is it a temptation to children and adults alike to take a dip in the concrete-lined canal.

"It is extremely dangerous to swim in the canal," Boden said, "as the slippery, steeply pitched sides make it difficult to get out. Water is over seven feet deep in some places and at each of the numerous siphons along the canal there is a strong current and undertow against which even the best swimmer would be helpless. At other places the water sometimes is only one or two feet deep and swimmers who dive from bridges or even from the canal bank in a race to be the first into the water may smash their skulls against the bottom of the canal. Already several persons have died from drowning in the canal."

Official letters have been written to school officials in the area adjacent to the Contra Costa Canal urging that children be cautioned regarding the hazards of swimming in the canal. According to Boden service clubs, parent teacher associations, church groups, women's clubs, and other organizations in the area can perform a meritorious public service b spyonsoring a campaign to discourage swimming in the canal Boden said he will coopeate with all organizations in the service area of the canal engagingin such a campaign if they will write to him at the U. S. Bureau of Reclamation Antioch, California, or phone him at Antioch 278.

The Bureau of Reclamation has erected fences along the canal and has installed safety devices at frequent intervals to assist anyone who accidentally falls in. However, the best precaution for all swimmers good or bad, is to stay out of the Contra Costa Canal and stay alive.

DRIVER FINED $75

Lawrence Burton, driving without lights and in an erratic manner was arrested by Police Officer Otto Hardt. It was found he had been driving for nearly a year without a drivers license. City Judge Miles Coughlin fined him $75, which he paid. Burton's license was suspended for 30 days.

MY SINCERE THANKS

I take this means of extending sincere thanks to the voters of Supervisorial District No. 1, for the fine complimentary vote at the polls on Tuesday, May 15. As Supervisor of this district it will be my earnest endeavor to see that this faith is not misplaced.

CARY S. ARBOGAST
Supervisor, 1st. District.

NO. 4303

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION OF TIME APPOINTED FOR PROVING WILL, ETC.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF NEVADA

In the Matter of the Estate of MARY K. PARSONS, also known as MARY KATHERINE PARSONS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that Friday, the 2nd day of June 1944, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, at the Court Room of said Court, at the Court House, in the City of Nevada, County of Nevada, has been appointed by me as the time and place for proving the Will of said MARY PARSONS also known as MARY PARSONS, deceased, and for hearing the application of W. E. PARSONS, also known as WILLIAM PARSONS, for the issuance to him of Letters of Administration, with Will Annexed, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same. A prayer for setting the estate aside to surviving spouse is included in said Petition.

Dated May 9th 1944.

R. N. McCORMACK, Clerk.
By R. E. DEEBLE, Deuuty Clerk.
LAWRENCE J. SKIRVING,
Ochsner Bldg., Sacramento, Calif.
Attorney for Petitioner.
May 15, 22, 29.

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